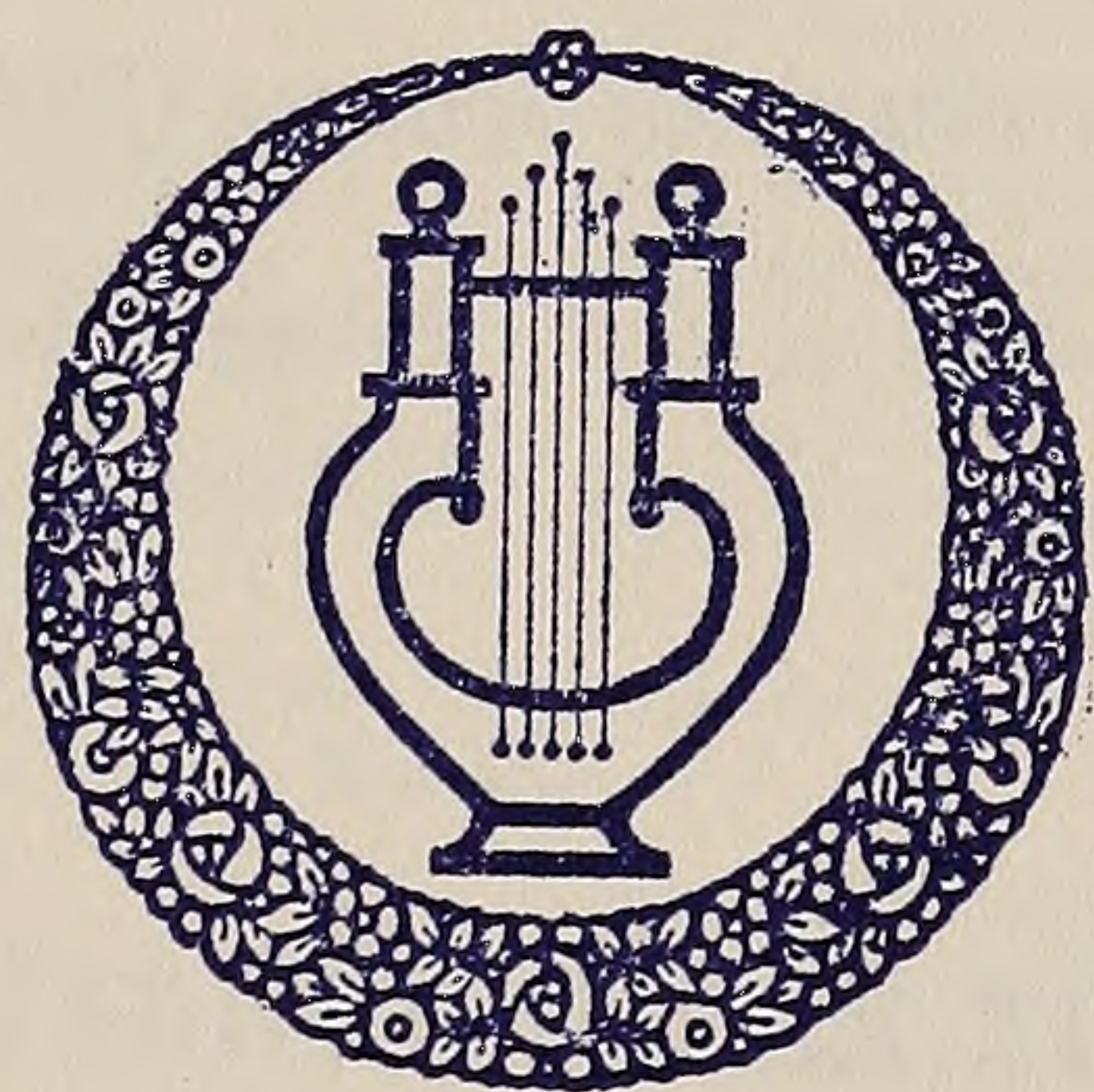


1918 :: 1938

Programs of the
Twentieth Anniversary
of the
**Berkshire Festival of
Chamber Music**



South Mountain
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

September 21, 22 and 23
1938

Wednesday, September 21st, at 4 p. m.

The Berkshire String Quartet

(Founded by Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, 1916)

Hugo Kortschak, *Violin*

Jacques Gordon, *Violin*

Clarence Evans, *Viola*

Emmeran Stoeber, *Violoncello*

**The South Mountain Quartet
of Pittsfield**

(Founded by Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, 1926)

Kathleen Parlow, *Violin*

Edwin Ideler, *Violin*

Conrad Held, *Viola*

Willem Willeke, *Violoncello*

**The Solo Quartet
of St. Bartholomew's Church,
New York City**

Dorothy Baker, *Soprano*

Saida Knox, *Contralto*

Lucius Metz, *Tenor*

Reed Kennedy, *Baritone*

Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge and Gunnar Johansen, *Piano*
Albert Sprague Coolidge, *Viola*

BEETHOVEN
SCOTCH AND IRISH SONGS

*THE SOLDIER
(Baritone)

Then, Soldier! come, fill high the wine,
For we reck not of tomorrow,
Be ours today, and we resign
All the rest to the fools of sorrow.
Gay be the hour 'till we beat to arms,
Then comrade Death or Glory,
'Tis Victory in all her charms,
Or 'tis Fame in the world's bright story.

But thou, oh dark is thy flowing hair,
And thine eye with fire is streaming,
And o'er thy cheek, thy looks, thine air,
Sits health in triumph beaming.
Thou, brother soldier, fill the wine,
Fill high to love and beauty,
Love, friendship, honour, all are thine,
Thy country and thy duty.

W. Smyth.

*The poem generally used with the tune of this song is not "The Soldier" by W. Smyth but "The Minstrel Boy" by Thomas Moore. The publisher Thomson in Edinburgh who commissioned Beethoven to do these harmonizations sent him only the tunes, not the words. In several letters to Thomson Beethoven complained that to make appropriate settings he had to have the words. Thomson's enterprise was apparently a rival undertaking to Moore's "Irish Melodies." The "Minstrel Boy" was published 1813 in the fifth number of Moore's melodies. The tune itself is old, of course, and in Ireland was known as "The Moreen." Thomson was obliged to have words written expressly for his edition, since Moore's collection, published by W. Power in Dublin, was properly "Entered at Stationers Hall" and hence the words could not be used. (This information has been supplied by Mr. Carl Engel.)

THE PULSE OF AN IRISHMAN
(Baritone)

The pulse of an Irishman ever beats quicker,
When war is the story, or love is the theme,
And place him where bullets fly thicker and
thicker,
You'll find him all cowardice scorning.
And tho' a ball should maim poor Darby,
Light at the heart he rallies on:
"Fortune is cruel, but Norah, my jewel,
Is kind, and with smiling, all sorrow beguiling,
Shall bid from our cabin all care to be gone;
And how they will jig it, and tug at the spigot,
On Patrick's day in the morning."

Blest be the land in the wide western waters
Sweet Erin, lov'd Erin, the pride of my song,
Still brave be the sons, and still fair be the
daughters
Thy meads and thy mountains adorning.
And tho' the eastern sun seems tardy,
Tho' the pure light of knowledge slow,
Night and delusion, and darkling confusion
Like mists from the river shall vanish forever,
And true Irish hearts with warm loyalty glow;
And proud exaltation burst forth from the
nation
On Patrick's day in the morning.

Alexander Boswell

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY
(Soprano)

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally,
She is the darling of my heart
And she lives in our alley.
There's not a lady in the land
That's half so sweet as Sally.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh then I shall have money.
I'll board it up and box it all
And give it to my honey,
And would it were a thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally.

My master and the neighbors all
Make game of me and Sally,
And but for her I'd better be
A slave, and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
Oh! then I'll marry Sally.

ENCHANTRESS, FARE-WELL
(Tenor)

Enchantress, fare-well, who so oft has deceived
me,
At the close of the evening through woodlands
to roam,
Where the forester, lated, with wonder espied
me
Seek out the wild scenes he was quitting for
home.
Fare-well, and take with thee thy numbers
wild speaking,
The language alternate of rapture and woe:
Oh! none but some lover whose heartstrings
are breaking,
The pang that I feel at our parting can know.

Thou that once taught me in accents bewail-
ing,
To sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on the
plain,
And a maiden hung o'er him with aid un-
availing,
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain.
As vain those enchantments, oh Queen of wild
numbers
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slum-
bers,
Fare-well then, Enchantress! I meet thee no
more.

Walter Scott.

FAITHFU' JOHNIE
(Contralto)

I.

When will you come again, my faithfu'
Johnie,
When will you come again?
"When the corn is gathered, and the leaves are
withered,
I will come again, my sweet and bonny,
I will come again."

II.

Then winter's wind will blow, my faithfu'
Johnie,
Then winter's wind will blow.
"Though the day be dark wi' drift,
That I can not see the lift,
I will come again, my sweet and bonny,
I will come again."

III.

And shall we part again, my faithfu' Johnie,
Shall we part again?
"No, so long's my eye can see,
Jean, that face so dear to me,
We shall not part again, my sweet and bonny,
We shall not part again."

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING
(Soprano, Contralto and Baritone)

O Charlie is my darling,
The young chevalier.
'Twas on a Monday morning,
When birds were singing clear,
That Charlie to the Highland came,
The gallant chevalier.

O Charlie is my darling,
The young chevalier.
And many a gallant Scottish chief
Came round their Prince to cheer;
For Charlie was their darling,
The young chevalier.

O Charlie is my darling,
The young chevalier.
Around our Scottish thistle's head,
There's many a pointed spear,
And many a sword shall wave
Around our young chevalier.

G. Pertz.

BRAHMS

Liebeslieder, Opus 52

Songs of Love, Opus 52

Verse aus "Polydora" von Daumer

I.

Rede, Maedchen, allzu liebes,
Das mir in die Brust die kuehle
Hat geschleudert mit dem Blicke
Diese wilden Glutgefuehle?

Willst du nicht dein Herz erweichen;
Willst du, eine Ueberfromme,
Rasten ohne traute Wonne,
Oder willst du, dass ich komme?

Rasten ohne traute Wonne,
Nicht so bitter will ich buessen.
Komme, nur, du schwarzes Auge,
Komme, wenn die Sterne gruessen.

II.

Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut,
Heftig angetrieben;
Wer da nicht zu seufzen weiss,
Lernt es unter'm Lieben.

III.

O die Frauen, o die Frauen,
Wie sie Wonne tauen!
Waere lang ein Moench geworden
Waeren nicht die Frauen!

IV.

Wie des Abends schoene Roete
Moecht' ich arme Dirne gluehn,
Einem, Einem zu Gefallen
Sonder Ende Wonne sprueh'n.

I.

O give an answer, maiden fairest,
Thou whose smile my heart entrances,
Who hast slain me with thy glances,
Tell me, hath thy heart relented?

Or like cloistered nun, contented,
Wilt thou dwell by love forsaken?
Say, how long must I entreat thee,
Say, oh fairest, wilt thou meet me?

Nay, to dwell by love forsaken,
Give a doom for which I care not,
Wistful eyes, take heart, despair not
When the stars are bright I'll meet thee.

II.

O'er the rocks the tide beats high,
Lash'd thro' many a furrow,
If thou never hast learned to sigh
Love will teach you sorrow.

III.

Dark ey'd maiden, dark ey'd maiden
With all fond delights o'erladen!
Long the staff and cowl had won me,
Had thy witching not undone me,
Hadst thou not undone me!

IV.

Like the sunset's crimson splendor
I would glow with beauty's fire,
If one heart to me were tender
Joy unending I'd inspire.

V.

Die gruene Hopfenranke,
Sie schlaengelt auf der Erde hin;
Die junge, schoene Dirne,
So traurig ist ihr Sinn!

Du hoere, gruene Ranke,
Was hebst du dich nicht himmelwaerts?
Du hoere, schoene Dirne,
Was ist so schwer dein Herz?

Wie hoebe sich die Ranke,
Der keine Stuetze Kraft verleiht?
Wie waere die Dirne froehlich,
Wenn ihr der Liebste weit?

VI.

Ein kleiner, huebscher Vogel nahm den Flug
Zum Garten hin, da gab es Obst genug.
Wenn ich ein huebscher kleiner Vogel waer,
Ich saeumte nicht, ich taete so wie der.

Leimruten, Arglist lauert an dem Ort;
Der arme Vogel konnte nicht mehr fort;
Wenn ich ein huebscher, kleiner Vogel waer',
Ich saeumte doch, ich taete nicht wie der;

Der Vogel kam in eine schoene Hand,
Da tat es ihm, dem Gluecklichen, nicht and,
Wenn ich ein huebscher kleiner Vogel waer',
Ich saeumte nicht, ich taete doch wie er.

VII.

Wohl schoen bewandt war es vor ehe
Mit meinem Leben, mit meiner Liebe,
Durch eine Wand, ja durch zehn Waende
Erkannte mich des Freundes Sehe;
Doch jetzo wehe, wenn ich dem Kalten
Auch noch so dicht vor'm Auge stehe,
Es merkt's sein Aug, sein Herze nicht.

VIII.

Wenn so lind dein Auge mir
Und so lieblich schauet,
Jede letzte Truebe flieht,
Welche mich umgrauet.

Dieser Liebe schoene Glut,
Lass' sie nicht verstieben,
Nimmer wird, wie ich, so treu
Dich ein andrer lieben.

IX.

Am Donaustrande, da steht ein Haus,
Da schaut ein rosiges Maedchen aus.
Das Maedchen es ist wohl gut gehegt.
Zehn eiserne Riegel sind vor die Tuer gelegt.
Zehn eiserne Riegel das ist ein Spass,
Die spreng' ich als waeren sie nur von Glas.

V.

Thou tender trailing ivy,
Why creep so low thy branches green?
Thou damsel, young and dainty,
Why is so sad thy mien?

Oh say, thou glist'ning ivy, why is't
Thou doest not heavenward rise?
Oh say, thou damsel dainty,
Why melts thy heart with sighs?

What ivy can grow heavenward
With none to give it strength or stay,
Or how can a maid have pleasure
While he she lov's away!

VI.

Was once a pretty tiny birdie flew
Where fruit in garden fair hung bright to view.
If that a pretty tiny bird I were
I'd fly away and seek yon garden fair.

Limetwigs and treach'ry all its branches bore,
Ah, hapless birdie, thou wilt fly no more!
If that a pretty tiny bird I were
I think of yonder garden I'd beware;

That birdie came in hand of ladye bright
And there he had full store of fond delight.
If that a pretty tiny bird were I,
Like him to yonder garden straight I'd fly.

VII.

How sweet, how joyous dawn'd each morrow,
When he was kind for whom I sorrow;
Then would he stand beneath my bower,
Nor lock nor wall to part had power.
But woe betide me!
When now I look at his cold averted face
Beside me,
He doth not heed that my heart is sore.

VIII.

When thy glance is fond and kind,
And thou smilest on me,
Care and trouble flee behind,
In thy smiles I sun me,

Keep alight this fire of joy
That it may not perish,
Ne'er will other lover prove
What for thee I cherish.

IX.

In wood embower'd, 'neath azure sky,
A rosy maid looks from lattice high.
Well guarded is she, with lock and key,
With ten iron bars,
Is that maiden's doorway made fast.
What, ten iron bars are a jest to me,
As tho' they were glass
They shall shattered be.

X.

O wie sanft die Quelle sich
Durch die Wiese windet!
O wie schoen, wenn Liebe sich
Zu der Liebe findet.

XI.

Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen
Mit den Leuten;
Alles wissen sie so giftig
Auszudeuten.
Bin ich heiter, hegen soll ich
Lose Triebe;
Bin ich still, so heisst's, ich waere
Irr aus Liebe.

XII.

Schlosser, auf, und mache Schloesser,
Schloesser ohne Zahl!
Denn die boesen, boesen Maeuler
Will ich schliessen, allzumal.

XIII.

Voegelein durchrauscht die Luft
Sucht nach einem Aste;
Und das Herz ein Herz begehrt's,
Wo es selig raste.

XIV.

Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar,
Blickt der Mond hernieder!
Die du meine Liebe bist,
Liebe du mich wieder!

XV.

Nachtigall, sie singt so schoen
Wenn die Sterne funkeln,
Liebe mich, geliebtes Herz
Kuesse mich im Dunkeln.

XVI.

Ein dunkeler Schacht ist Liebe,
Ein gar zu gefaehrlicher Bronnen;
Da fiel ich hinein, ich Armer,
Kann weder hoeren, noch seh'n,
Nur denken an meine Wonnen,
Nur stoehnen in meinen Weh'n.

XVII.

Nicht wandle, mein Licht
Dort aussen im Flurbereich;
Die Fuesse wuerden dir, die zarten,
Zu nass, zu weich.
All ueberstroemt sind dort die Wege,
Die Stege dir;
So ueberreichlich thraente dorten
Das Auge mir.

XVIII.

Es bebet das Gestraeuhe,
Gestreift hat es im Fluge
Ein Voegelein.
In gleicher Art, erbebet
Die Seele mir, erschuettert
Von Liebe, Lust und Leide
Gedenkt sie dein.

X.

Oh how soft yon murm'ring stream
Thro' the meadow gliding!
Oh how sweet when fond eyes beam
Love and trust abiding.

XI.

No, there is no bearing
With those spiteful neighbours;
All one does t' interpret wrongly
Each one labours.
Am I merry?
Then by evil thoughts I'm haunted,
Am I sad?
Thev sav I am with love demented.

XII.

Locksmith, ho, a hundred padlocks
Bring me, padlocks great and small;
Sland'rous lips with them I'll fasten,
I will fasten once for all.

XIII.

Bird in air will stray afar,
Seeks a shelter'd bower;
So the heart a heart must find
Ere its life can flower.

XIV.

Bright thy sheen, oh lucent wave,
As yon moon above thee!
Thou whose heart alone I crave,
Maiden dearest, love me.

XV.

Nightingale, thy sweetest song
Sounds when night is darkling,
Love me, oh my heart's delight
When no star is sparkling.

XVI.

Ah, love is a mine unfathom'd,
A bottomless well of affliction;
I gazed and fell in, oh sorrow!
Since then of sense I'm bereft.
I sigh for a happy morrow,
But groaning is all that's left.

XVII.

Nay tarry, sweet heart,
Nor seek thou the flow'ry mead,
'tis for thy tender feet
To wander too wet,
So heed.
Over pathways, o'er grasses
Hath fallen a show'r,
Were I went weeping tears
Abundant in morning hour.

XVIII.

A tremor's in the branches,
A bird has brush'd his pinions
Thro' yonder tree;
And thus my heart within me
Thro' all its depths is trembling
In love and joy and sorrow,
I think of thee.

Program

***I. Beethoven** **Quartet in E flat major, Opus 127**

Maestoso—Allegro

Adagio, ma non troppo e molto cantabile

Scherzando vivace

Finale

The Berkshire String Quartet

II. Beethoven **Scotch and Irish Songs**

For Violin, Violoncello and Piano

The Soldier

The Pulse of an Irishman } Baritone

"Sally in our Alley," *Soprano*

"Enchantress, farewell," *Tenor*

"Faithfu' Johnie," *Contralto*

"Charlie is my Darling," *Soprano, Contralto and Baritone*

The Solo Quartet, Kathleen Parlow, Willem Willeke
and Gunnar Johansen.

INTERMISSION

III. Brahms **Quintet in G major, Opus 111**

For two Violins, two Violas and Violoncello

Allegro non troppo, ma con brio

Adagio

Un poco Allegretto

Vivace, ma non troppo presto

The South Mountain Quartet and Albert Sprague Coolidge

IV. Brahms **Songs of Love, Opus 52**

Waltzes for Vocal Quartet and four hand Piano

The Solo Quartet, Gunnar Johansen and

Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge.

*Played by the Berkshire String Quartet as the opening number of the first
Festival of Chamber Music held on South Mountain, September, 16th, 1918.

Thursday, September 22nd, at 11 a. m.

The Kolisch Quartet

Rudolf Kolisch, *Violin*

Felix Kuhner, *Violin*

Eugen Lehner, *Viola*

Benar Heifetz, *Violoncello*

assisted by Irene Jacobi, *Piano*

Program

I. Schubert

Allegro ma non troppo

Andante

Minuet (Allegretto)

Allegro moderato

II. Anton von Webern Quartet, Opus 28 (1938)

(Dedicated to Mrs. E. S. Coolidge)

First performance

Gemächlich

Mässig

Sehr fliessend

INTERMISSION

III. Louis Gruenberg Quartet No. 2, Opus 40 (1937)

(Dedicated to Mrs. E. S. Coolidge)

First performance

Rather slow, broad and dramatically—Moderately fast
and flowingly

Very slow, sustained and tranquil

Slow, impetuous and dramatic—Very fast and fantastically

IV. Frederick Jacobi Hagiographa: Three Biblical Narratives For String Quartet and Piano (1938)

(Dedicated to Mrs. E. S. Coolidge)

First performance

Job

Ruth

Joshua

Thursday, September 22nd, at 4 p. m.

The Barrère Ensemble

of

Wind Instruments

Georges Barrère, *Flute*

Carlos Mullenix, *Oboe*

Fred Van Amburgh, *Clarinet*

Rudolph Puletz, *Horn*

Angel Del Busto, *Bassoon*

***The Coolidge String Quartet**

William Kroll, *Violin*

Nicolai Berezowsky, *Violin*

Nicolas Moldavan, *Viola*

Victor Gottlieb, *Violoncello*

and

Carlos Salzedo and Sylvia Meyer, *Harp*

Jesús M. Sanromá, *Piano*

*By courtesy of The Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation
in the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

Program

- I. **Mozart** **Quintet in E flat major (K. 452)**
For Piano, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn and Bassoon
Largo—Allegro moderato
Larghetto
Rondo (Allegretto)

- II. **Georg Philipp Telemann** **Sonata in C minor**
For Flute and Piano
Allegro-Adagio-Allegro assai
Ondeggiando ma non adagio—Allegro

- III. **André Caplet** **Conte Fantastique**
After Edgar Allen Poe's "The Mask of the Red Death"
For Harp and String Quartet
Carlos Salzedo and the Coolidge String Quartet

INTERMISSION

- IV. a) **Walter Piston** **Three Pieces**
For Flute, Clarinet and Bassoon (1933)
Allegro Scherzando
Lento
Allegro

- b) **Nicolai Berezowsky** **Suite, Opus 11**
For Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn and Bassoon (1928)
Allegro con spirito
Adagio molto sostenuto
Allegro giocoso
Allegretto con melinconia
Allegro con brio

- V. **Maurice Ravel** **Introduction and Allegro**
For Harp, Flute, Clarinet and String Quartet
Sylvia Meyer, Georges Barrère, Fred Van Amburgh
and the Coolidge String Quartet

Friday, September 23rd, at 11 a. m.

The Gordon String Quartet

(Founded in 1921)

Jacques Gordon, *Violin*

David Sackson, *Violin*

William Lincer, *Viola*

Naoum Benditzky, *Violoncello*

***The Coolidge String Quartet**

William Kroll, *Violin*

Nicolai Berezowsky, *Violin*

Nicolas Moldavan, *Viola*

Victor Gottlieb, *Violoncello*

*By courtesy of The Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation
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Program

I. Max Reger **Quartet in E flat major, Opus 109**

Allegro moderato

Quasi presto

Larghetto

Allegro con grazia e con spirito

The Coolidge String Quartet

II. Frank Bridge **Quartet No. 4 (1938)**

(Dedicated to Mrs. E. S. Coolidge)

First performance

Allegro energico

Quasi Minuetto

Adagio ma non troppo—Allegro con brio

The Gordon String Quartet

INTERMISSION

III. Georges Enesco **Octet in C major, Opus 7**

For four Violins, two Violas and two Violoncellos

Très modéré—Très fougueux—Lentement—Mouvement de Valse
bien rythmée

Friday, September 23rd, at 4 p. m.

The Roth Quartet

Feri Roth, *Violin*

Jenő Antal, *Violin*

Ferenc Molnár, *Viola*

Janos Scholz, *Violoncello*

Ralph Kirkpatrick, *Harpsichord*

Ernst Toch, *Piano*

Georges Barrère and Frances Blaisdell, *Flute*

String Orchestra

Hugo Kortschak, *Conductor*

Violins—Rudolf Kolisch, Felix Kuhner, Jacques Gordon,
William Kroll, Nicolai Berezowsky, Jenő Antal,
David Sackson, Edwin Ideler, Conrad Held

Violas—Ferenc Molnár, Nicolas Moldavan, Clarence Evans,
William Lincer

Violoncellos—Emmeran Stoeber, Janos Scholz, Victor Gottlieb,
Naoum Benditzky

Bass—Robert Brennand

Program

- I. Haydn Quartet in D major, Opus 76 No. 5
 Allegretto
 Largo
 Menuetto, Allegro
 Presto

- II. Ernst Toch Quintet Opus 64, in four parts
 For Piano, two Violins, Viola and Violoncello (1938)
 (Dedicated to Mrs. E. S. Coolidge)
 The Lyrical part
 The Whimsical part
 The Contemplative part
 The Dramatic part
 The Composer at the Piano

INTERMISSION

- III. Bach "Brandenburg" Concerto No. 4, in G major
 For Solo Violin, two Flutes, Harpsichord Continuo and
 String Orchestra
 Allegro—Andante—Presto
 Solo Violin: Feri Roth

Prog- 897

